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A PLOT FOR EMPIRE. A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

There was a silence between the two women. Miss Merton was watching Helene closely, but she was disappointed. Her face was set in cold, proud lines, but she showed no signs of trouble.

"Under these circumstances," Helene said, "the locket belongs to you. If you will allow me, I will ring now for my maid. I am leaving here this evening."

"I should like," Miss Merton said, "to tell you about Lord Wolfenden and myself." Helene smiled languidly. "You will excuse me, I am sure," she said. "It is scarcely a matter which interests me."

"I thought that you were very much interested in Lord Wolfenden," she said spitefully. "I have found him much pleasanter than the majority of Englishmen."

"But you don't care to hear about him—from me?" Miss Merton exclaimed. Helene smiled. "I have no desire to be rude," she said, "but since you put it in that way I will admit that you are right."

"I can assure you," Helene said quietly, "that I have not the faintest desire to take Lord Wolfenden from you—or from anyone else! I do not like this conversation at all, and I do not intend to continue it."

a matter of twenty-four hours. She was ill-beloved herself. "We spoke together of a little event many years old; yet which I venture to think neither you, nor she, nor I have ever forgotten. It has come to her knowledge that you and I were together in London—that you were once more essaying to play a part in civilized and great affairs. And lest our meeting should give harm about, she told me—something of which I have always been in ignorance. She showed to me a little pistol; she explained to me that a woman's aim is a most uncertain thing. Besides, you were some distance away, and your spring aside for you. Then, too, so far as I could see from the mechanism of the thing—it was an old and clumsy affair—it carried low. At any rate, the shot, which was doubtless meant for your heart, found a haven in your foot. From that I learned that she, the sweetest and most timid of her sex, had dared to become her own avenger. Life is a sad enough thing, and pleasure is rare, yet I need not pleasure of the keenest and subtlest kind when she told me that story. I feel even now some slight return of it when I look at you, and I wonder at your deformity—and consider how different a person."

Mr. Sabin half rose to his feet; his face was white and set, save where a single spot of color was visible near his cheekbone. His eyes were hooded; for a moment he seemed about to strike the other man. Felix broke off in his sentence, and watched him warily. "Come," he said, "it is not like you to lose control of yourself in that manner. It is a simple matter. You are a man of color, and I am a man of color. You are a man of color, and I am a man of color. You are a man of color, and I am a man of color."

Mr. Sabin sat quite still in his corner; his eyes seemed fixed upon a single spot of color in the country through which they were passing. Felix's stinging words and mocking smile had no meaning for him. In fact he did not see his companion any longer, nor was he conscious of his presence. The narrow confines of the railway carriage had fallen away. He was in a lofty room, in a dining room of a palace, a privileged guest, the lover of the woman whose dark, passionate eyes and soft, white arms were gleaming there before his eyes.

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A DUEL UNDER PROTEST

The duel between Count Boni de Castelland and Fernand de Rodays fought in the Parc des Princes in Paris on Saturday, March 16th, in which the famous editor of Figaro was wounded, recalls a tragic duel which occurred at Nantes in 1853, and is graphically described by Maurice Mauris:

Oliver Fontaine, lieutenant in a light infantry regiment stationed there, belonged to an old Toulouse family. His mother, to whom he was devoted, had educated him in the most orthodox fashion. He fulfilled his religious duties in the regiment as regularly as though he had been tied to her apron string. The Bishop of Nantes, who in his youth had been a cavalry officer, used to say that Lieut. Fontaine would have made a better bishop than himself. He was a good and amiable companion, a devoted and loyal, active and dutiful soldier. He was idolized by all his fellow-officers excepting one, Lieut. Trouillefou, who owed his commission to the Revolution of 1848. Trouillefou was a perfect type of vulgarity and ignorance, and a declared enemy of all that was noble, delicate and refined in the army. He was a man of 1789 who had been discussed by a group of officers seated at a table of a cafe, the name of Marshal Saxe was mentioned.

"Do you talk about it?" interrupted Trouillefou. "Marshal Saxe was not before the revolution. The officers looked at each other in astonishment. 'Don't you know that he was killed at Cambray?'" "True," Fontaine replied; "but at Marengo the name of De Saxe was pronounced."

From that day Trouillefou's hatred for Fontaine increased. He never missed an occasion to insult the religious feelings of his comrade. He called him a canting priest, a nun and similar names. He continued for a time bore good naturedly these idiosyncrasies, but at last requested Trouillefou to stop them. Trouillefou complied with the request, and Fontaine, grateful for his unpleasant remarks, treated him with cordiality. Two months later several officers were gathered around a table in the same cafe. One, recently returned from a trip to Switzerland, was speaking of Thorwaldsen's monument to the martyrs of the Swiss revolution of 1772.

"The poor Swiss!" exclaimed one of the party. "Really, they have always had bad luck. Even in our revolution they generally received our first blows." "It is true," added Fontaine. "It was also against them that, in 1658, the Parisians, under the Duc de Guise, constructed their first barricades."

Lieut. Fontaine had hardly uttered the word "barricades" when Trouillefou, who was smoking at the next table, and apparently perusing a newspaper, arose from his seat and struck the speaker in the face. There was great excitement. Trouillefou was asked why he had struck his comrade. With flushed face, bloodshot eyes and foaming lips, he said: "He has spoken disrespectfully of barricades for the purpose of again insulting me. No one shall insult me without a blow."

Fontaine was as white as a sheet. He trembled. Two large tears stole down his cheeks. He kept his eyes on Trouillefou; at his nonsensical remark he had covered his head with his military cap, buried at Trouillefou the words, "You are an ass and a coward," and left the coffee-house. Comrades offered to accompany him, but he declined their offer. He walked straight to the chapel of the Virgin, fell upon his knees and buried himself in prayer. There he remained for two hours. He left the church as he was as calm as though nothing had happened. Nearly all the officers of the regiment offered their services to Fontaine. He thanked them, but declared that he had sought advice from one "whose wisdom and love had never deceived him," and that he had irrevocably determined not to challenge Trouillefou. The officers were astounded. Some remarked that military honor required that he should fight. He replied that Christian honor forbade it; that Jesus had set an example of forgiveness that no Christian ought to disregard. Warned by others that he would be suspected of cowardice, he answered that he believed he was reaching the root of the trouble, drive disease from the system. Other medicines act only upon the symptoms of the disease, and when such medicines are administered the trouble returns—often in an aggravated form. If you want health and strength be sure you get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer cannot supply you the pills will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing, the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Secret of Beauty in Middle Age. The woman of forty or thereabouts whose great aim in life is to preserve her figure and her complexion not only pays strictest attention to her bath, gymnastic and massage, but she is careful as to what she eats than any old Roman gladiator. One famous woman, who at forty-five is famous for her good looks and generally attractive appearance, says that she never puts a bit of bread in her mouth; it might be rank poison, for the soot of vitality it receives at her hands. Nor does a sweet of any kind or of any description ever pass her lips. Nor an ice, nor coffee, nor chocolate. What does she eat? Beef, mutton and all vegetables that grow upon the ground. These she eats only sparingly, so fearful is military appearance. Frances Smith in Les-Bis Weekly.

Sozodent A Perfect Liquid Dentifrice for the Teeth and Breath. 25c Sozodent Tooth Powder. Both forms of Sozodent at the Stores or by Mail; price, 25c each; Large Sizes, together, 75c HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL.

"Order me to give up life in behalf of my country, of society, of religion, of any noble cause, and I will willingly encounter death. But ask me not to disobey the gospel." Fontaine, however, could not resist the treatment of his comrades and subordinates. He tendered his resignation. The Minister of War replied that it could not be accepted under the circumstances. He could only be dismissed in disgrace. That filled the measure. One evening Fontaine again walked into the Cafe Cambresis, where his comrades were assembled.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you were witnesses of the insult received from Lieut. Trouillefou. I intended to forgive it, because my religion teaches me to forgive. You will have it otherwise, and I obey you. God, who has witnessed the struggle, and only one of them loaded, the distance to be 15 feet. Do you accept, Lieut. Trouillefou?"

The latter hesitated, but finally consented. "At eight o'clock in the morning, in the Forest of Chavandere, by the cross road of the Trois-Louards," said Fontaine. A roar of applause greeted his words. The officers crowded around him to congratulate him upon his determination, and to protect their friends. "Wait until to-morrow, gentlemen," the lieutenant replied. "You have suspected me of being a coward. Before protesting your friendship, you had better see me on the ground," and he withdrew.

At the appointed time the officers of the regiment were at the Trois-Louards. The colonel loaded one of the pistols, enveloped them in a silk handkerchief, and requested Fontaine to choose a weapon, as he was the insulted party. The combatants were placed fifteen feet from each other. The officers silently formed in two lines on the right and left of the duelist, and the colonel gave the word.

Trouillefou was the first to fire. His pistol carried no bullet. He staggered as though already wounded. Fontaine could now forgive. But the Christian feeling had given way under the pressure of bitter sarcasm. He calmly leveled his weapon, fired, and Trouillefou fell, with a shattered skull. There was a cry of horror, the spectators rushed toward the dead duelist, but before they reached him Fontaine was at his side. He dipped his hand in the blood, washed his face, and with that blood washed the cheek upon which he had been struck, exclaiming, "Well, gentlemen, do you think the insult sufficiently washed away? They're running like a lunatic, he disappeared in the forest and was seen no more at Nantes. Years afterwards he was discovered in the mountains of the Alps, under the religious name of Fra Pancrazio, he was still praying for the remission of his sins, and for the eternal salvation of the man whom he had killed.—The Argonaut.

PAPER COFFINS, Will They Spare the Poor or Increase Undertakers' Profits? There is no man with soul so dead, says the Philadelphia Record, who has not sometimes turned a thought to his grave. When the pomp and circumstance of his existence have ended he wants to know that he will go to the last rest with some befitting dignity. Kipling, who once visited an American undertaker's shop, cried out against the fraudulent clothes which the trade puts upon its victims and which only cover them in exposed places. A bronchitis coat and paper shirts with dicky fronts raise a feeling of resentment in every self-respecting breast. Such tales ring in the ears of the poor man who Shakespeare called his "taking off."

The latest assault on a man's native and inalienable rights at his own funeral comes in the shape of a paper coffin. Now, we would not say right off the bat that a paper coffin is as great a swindle as a paper collar or a paper shirt, but the idea savors of the Adirondacks, boldly says that it is 50 per cent. cheaper than any other coffin—which condemns it on the spot and forces him to add that it is 50 per cent. better than other coffins. It is very doubtful, we think, whether the free citizens of America will look with favor upon this shoddy product of the undertaker's art. Man will not be skimped on the last day, and whether he is to be put under ground or is to be reduced to ashes at the crematory he will resent any contact with paper mache. He will not be trifled with at a time like that, especially when the bills must be paid out of his own estate.

RICH, RED BLOOD Absolutely Necessary to Health and Strength. Through the Blood Every Organ, Every Nerve and Every Tissue in the Body is Nourished—If the Blood is Impure, Disease Takes Possession of the System.

If you want to be well take care of the blood. The blood is aptly termed the vital fluid, and it is through it that every organ and every tissue of the body is nourished. If the blood becomes impoverished, the entire system is in danger of a breakdown, and what is termed anaemia, general debility, or even consumption may be the result. Prudent people occasionally take a tonic for the purpose of keeping the blood pure, but the unwell are those to whom this article is chiefly valuable, as it will point out an easy and speedy means to renewed health. Mrs. Joseph Herbert, who keeps a grocery at the corner of St. Germain and Hermoine streets, St. Sauveur, Que., tells the following story: "I suffered for many months," said Mrs. Herbert, "from an impoverished condition of the blood, coupled with extreme nervousness. I was very pale and felt languid and indisposed to exertion. A dizzy sensation arising quickly from a chair, or coming down stairs, often troubled me. The least exercise would leave me almost out of breath, and my heart would palpitate violently, while at other times I would feel a smothering sensation. Often my face and arms would swell and puff, and the arms became almost useless. I do not know how long I continued in this way, but I did not get any real benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had been using the pills only a few weeks when I found myself growing stronger and better in every way. I continued taking the pills for nearly three months—for I was determined the cure would be thorough—and before long I had resumed my health than I had enjoyed for years before. My sleep is now peaceful and refreshing, my appetite excellent, and I feel equal to almost any exertion. I feel that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it will always give me pleasure to recommend them."

It is the mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to make rich, red blood, nourish the nerves, tissues and various organs of the body, and thus, by reaching the root of the trouble, drive disease from the system. Other medicines act only upon the symptoms of the disease, and when such medicines are administered the trouble returns—often in an aggravated form. If you want health and strength be sure you get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer cannot supply you the pills will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing, the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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